

# The Weekly Museum.

VOL. V.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1792.

[NUMBER 221.]

NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISON, at his Printing-Office, (Torricks Head) No. 3, Peck-Slip.

## History of MARIA ARNOLD.

From "The Speculator," just published.

[Concluded from our last.]

WHEN the poignancy of grief was abated, I mingled my tears with the honest farmer's, whose sensibility of heart, the genuine effusion of pity and affection, had strongly impressed me in his favor. I spent the night under his roof, and in the morning, bidding him a melancholy farewell, I rode on to Ryd-le, with an intention of seeing my afflicted friend, and of being present at the awful ceremony; for in the state of mind I was then in, it was a peevish luxury I would not have foregone on any consideration.

When I came within sight of the parsonage, my sensations nearly overcame me. Here, I once fondly hoped to have found the same domestic felicity and contentment I had formerly experienced; but mark the mutability of human bliss!—This spot so lately the abode of happiness and of innocence, now appeared the seat of silence and of solitude, of sorrow and of death.——Scarcely had I resolution to approach the house; for although I well knew the resignation and the piety of Arnold, yet I dreaded to recal those scenes, the recollection of which would only give edge to his sufferings, and fresh misery to his painful task. The villagers were assembled on the green, dressed in their neatest clothes, and those who could afford it, in black.——There was not a whisper heard among them; the tear rolled down their honest cheeks, and on their features dwelt the sentiments of pity and regret.——A lane was formed for me as I passed along; we interchanged not a word; I cast my eyes upon the ground, they wept aloud. I was so much affected I could scarce sit upon my horse, and leaving it at a small cottage when I got through them, I went to the parsonage on foot. I entered, and meeting a servant in the hall, he pointed to the parlour and retired. I advanced towards it:—the door was half open, and, sliding softly in, a spectacle presented itself whose impression will never be erased from my memory. In the middle of the room was placed the coffin of Maria: the lid was taken off, and beside it, in his robes, knelt the unfortunate Frederick Arnold. Maria's lifeless hand was locked in his, and on her clay cold corse was fixed his streaming eyes. A considerable shade was thrown over the room, the windows looking upon the green being closed up;—but through the garden window the sun broke in, and shone full upon the features of Arnold: his countenance was pale, languid, but remarkably interesting, and received a peculiar degree of expression from the tint of the morning light; and his hair, which had early become white, was scattered in thin portions over his temples and forehead. I stood impressed with awe, my soul was filled with compassion, and I wished to indulge my sorrow; but as Arnold did not perceive me, I thought it best not to interrupt, and was therefore going to retire, when suddenly rising up, he exclaimed, "Farewell, my Maria! thou that wert the solace of mine age, farewell! Oh! if thy unembo-

died spirit still hovers o'er this scene of things, be present to thy afflicted father; pour comfort in his wounded bosom: sure to do this will be thy paradise, Maria, and sure thou hast met with thy reward. What if unavailing regret still tortures this distracted heart, still brings thy injured form to view, yet, through the mercies of my God, will I look forward with hope;—I will meet thee, O my daughter, in Heaven. God of mercies hear me!"——"He will, he will, thou good old man," I cried, "he will listen to thy prayer."——Arnold startled; "it is thou my son?" he said; and falling upon my neck he wept; then presently recovering himself, he advanced with composure towards the coffin:——"Come hither," he cried, and view the remains of fallen innocence and beauty: see my son, what one step from rectitude of conduct has produced; see the unfortunate Maria." I advanced, and, kneeling down, kissed the pale hand of Maria: A sweet serenity dwelt upon her features, and she seemed to be asleep. I would have spoken, but I could not: I sighed in a convulsive manner, for the tumult of my spirits quite oppressed me; and Arnold observing this, seized my arm, and, ordering the coffin to be screwed down, conveyed me into another room.——Here, in a little time, I recovered some calmness of mind, and Arnold, taking me by the hand, desired me to collect all my fortitude. "I go to bury my Maria," he said, "but let not the murmurings of discontent break in upon the sacred rite: to Providence, not to us, the chastenings of mortality are given." Having said this, he quitted the room, and giving orders for the procession, proceeded to the church. In a few minutes the coffin was carried out upon the green; it was covered with black velvet, over which was thrown a pall of white satin, and here half a dozen young women, dressed in black with white sashes, supported it, whilst as many in the same habit walked two and two before, and the like number behind it. They sung a dirge adapted to the occasion, and with slow and solemn steps went forward to the church. The whole village followed, and never was sorrow better painted than in the features of this mournful groupe. I loitered at a little distance, absorbed in the melancholy of my own reflections,

——the bell  
Of death beat slow!——  
It paused now, and now with rising knell  
Flung to the hollow gale its fullen sound.

MASON.  
The wind sighed through the yew trees, and the face of nature seemed to darken with oppressive gloom. We entered the church, where, after all things had been duly arranged, the ceremony was begun.—A calm resignation was apparent in the countenance of Arnold; and as he pronounced the sublime and pathetic language of the service, a kind of divine enthusiasm lightened from his eyes. Now and then his speech would falter, and the tear would fill his eye, and I witnessed many an effort to suppress the tender emotions of his soul; but a high sense of the duty of his office kept within restriction the feelings of the father.

He had now proceeded a considerable way in the service, and the corse was made ready to be laid into the earth, when suddenly the folding doors of the church were thrown open, and a young man, in mourning, rushed vehemently in. His aspect was hurried and wild, and he exclaimed in a loud but convulsive tone of voice, "Where is my Maria? Think not to wreat her from me, I will see her once more, I come to die with thee, my love. Stand off ye inhuman wretches; off, and give me way." He then broke through the crowd, which had opposed him, and, seeing the coffin, he started some paces backwards; "Help me, she is murdered!" he exclaimed; "my gentle love is murdered!" and throwing himself on the coffin he became speechless with agony. It was with the utmost difficulty we tore him from it; he struggled hard, and his eyes darted fire; but at length, having liberated himself, he paused a moment; then striking his forehead with his hand, he muttered, "I will—'tis fit it should be so;" and darting furiously through the aisle, disappeared. But scarce had we time to breathe, before he again entered, dragging in a man advanced in years. "Come on, thou wretched author of my being!" he exclaimed, "come, see the devastation thou hast made!" and compelling him to approach the coffin, "Look," he said, "see! where she bleeds beneath thy ruthless arm! Oh my deserted love! see'st thou not how she supplicates thy mercy!—Perdition! but I will not curse thee, O my father, I will not curse thee;" and saying this he threw himself on the coffin. The old man, in the mean time, became the very picture of horror; his hair stood erect, his face was pale as death, and his teeth struck each other; he looked first upon the coffin, and then upon his son, and racked with pity and remorse, he at last burst into tears: "Have compassion on me, my son!" he cried; "kill not thy father."——"It is enough," said the youth, slowly lifting up his head: "it is enough, my father;" and being now more calm, we prevailed upon him to arise; and Arnold, after some time, concluded his ceremony.

You will naturally conceive our consternation, Sir, during this dreadful scene, and how much it would shock the feelings of the worthy curate; who, after the first tumult of surprise had ceased, conducted himself with all that dignity and mildness of manner so peculiarly engaging in his character.——Old Stafford and his son, who was with difficulty persuaded to quit the church, were now led to the parsonage. Their appearance had been occasioned by a letter written by Miss Stafford to her brother, mentioning the situation of Maria, her miscarriage, indisposition, and the treatment she had met with; and, irritated to the highest degree, he immediately left the Continent, and arrived at his father's house early on the same day Maria was buried. Her death was unknown at H—n-hall, and Henry insisted upon his father's accompanying him immediately to the curate's; as his presence would be necessary for the satisfaction of both parties. Mr. Stafford was much averse to the measure; but as his son's health had been lately upon the decline, and his present



agitated state of mind contributed greatly to increase his complaint; he reluctantly complied with his request, still hoping to avoid so unprofitable a connection. Upon their arrival at Ruyd—le, they drove to the parsonage, and being there informed of the death of Maria, and that the burial service was then actually performing, the carriage was ordered to the church, and Henry rushed in, in the manner above mentioned.

The Staffords having continued a couple of days at the parsonage returned to H—n-hall. Young Stafford's health is still very bad, and we are apprehensive he will fall a sacrifice to the unfeeling tyranny of a father, whose remorse is now as excessive as it is fruitless.

I shall stay here a few months with my worthy friend, until time hath in some degree mitigated the pressure of his misfortune. I find also a melancholy pleasure in visiting the many scenes in this neighbourhood, whose romantic and sequestered beauty gave employment to the pencil and the taste of Maria, and I am now finishing this hasty sketch on the banks of the rapid Sw—le, and under the shelter of an oak, whose antique branches throw a broad and ample gloom athwart his surface: turbulent he pours along beneath yon scowling precipice; he rises from his bed, and wild his gleomy spirit shrieks—Here, Sir, can I indulge the fervour of my imagination; here can I call up the fleeting forms of fancy; I can here hold converse with Maria; and yielding to the pensive bias of my mind, enjoy the torrent and the howling storm.

#### THE CLEANLY WIFE.

**T**HOUGH Xantippe once broke the head of Socrates, and he had temper to bear it; yet, if we had the old fellow among us now, I believe we should try his philosophic patience on a Saturday. The rage of scowring and cleansing is not peculiar to our house, for I find all my friends complain of the universal deluge on the Saturday. In short, it is the vice of our ladies; and what they call being only clean, is a general inconvenience to business and health.

The cleaning begins, like the sabbath of the Jews, of the Friday, being ordered hastily and early to bed, that the dining room may be scrubbed out; or else are all crammed into a little parlour, and smothered by way of being cleanly. To accomplish this, the stairs being just scowred, we are all commanded to go up bare-footed, though at the risk of a tertian ague or a sore throat.

Early in the morning the servants are rung up, and for the operation of the morning, dressed accordingly; and though smart enough on other occasions, yet to see them in their Saturday's garb for the mop and broom encounter, you would imagine them to be Sybils, or Norwood fortune-tellers.

To get at the breakfast-room, I am under the necessity of wading over the shoes; and if I am not very accurate in my steering, I am sure to tumble over a pail, or break my thins across the mop. The weather hath nothing to do with this aquatic operation; frost or snow, dry or wet, the house must be cleaned on that day; and during breakfast, every door and window is opened to give a quick current to the air, that the rooms may be dried soon. By this means, unless clothed in fur, I am perished to death, and sure to take cold. Arguments avail nothing. Mistresses and servants are combined in the watery plot, and swim or drown is the only alternative.

Sometimes I have pleaded for a room that hath not been used in the week; but in vain: the word *swab* is general; and all must float, from the garret to the cellar. I once or twice in my life ventured to take a peep at the cook in the kitchen; but, to be sure, no fury could look so fierce; her

hair was dishevelled about her shoulders; she mounted on high pattens; her dressers covered with pots and pans, and her face all besmeared with soot and brick-dust.

The animals, too, upon this day of execution, skulk into holes and corners; the dogs retreat with their tails between their legs to the stable; and poor domestic puss is obliged to ascend a beer-barrel in the cellar by way of throne, where she passes away her time, longing for the return of the dove and olive branch, as much as Noah did in the old farge beaten ark.

But these misfortunes are not all: My wife, and all the maids, as if by intuition or agreement, or inspiration or devilish witchcraft, are all in the dumps; they universally put on one face; and by the lip of Hebe I swear, for the last ten years, I have not seen a Saturday smile on their fair faces.

This Saturday carries with it a general persecution. It is not that we are harrassed from room to room; floated from the cellar to the garret; washed out of the house for ease; and starved to death with thorough airs, but our stomachs, our craving bellies, pinch for it too.

Nothing is to be fouled, all is to be reserved for Sunday. The dinner must be made of small scraps; the pantry must be cleared, though the offals are musty, and the bread is mouldy; for the laws of Media and Persia will sooner give way, than the adopted tyranny supported once a week in every mansion. I very often, to keep off the ague, draw a cork extraordinary, for there is positively nothing else left for it; and if by misfortune a drop of wine sullies the bright Bath lacquered table, my lady rises with the dignity of a Pontiff, and with a rubber labours for twenty minutes against the spot—for our tables you must know, would serve the purpose of looking-glasses; and this is the brightest jewel in our diadem. Now, though my wife possesseth the virtues of Dian, yet the plagues of Egypt never came on the natives once a week, to which we are bound to submit, in spite of all argument salutary and festive.

#### For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

##### To Miss ———.

**W**HY wears my *Delia* looks unkind?

Can frowns deform a face—  
And cruelty a heavenly mind,  
Adorn'd with every grace?

The drooping languid lily see,  
Laments its whiteness lost—  
Its summer's gone, no more to be  
The gard'ner's prided boast.

Let then the lily's lesson move,  
To Nature's voice attend—  
Let blushes sweet compliance prove,  
And *William's* sighs have end.

#### JOURNAL of a VOYAGE to the EAST-INDIES.

##### By Miss EMILY BRITTLE.

##### In a Poetical Epistle to her Mother.

**W**HENEVER I walk on the deck I am sure  
To be shock'd by such language as none  
can endure:

Such scolding! such roaring! such blasting of eyes!  
You'd think that the crew in rebellion would rise!  
The Captains, great creatures! so regally great,  
Like Hector, oft swagger in blustering state;  
From starboard to larboard at pleasure they stride,  
The cocks of their dunghill in laughable pride;  
Now up to the Cuddy, then back to the Waist,  
They actively strut in prodigious great haste;  
While Tarpawl, in order to prove he's genteel,  
Of mariner's jargon will ring us a peal.

At sight of the Ladies his voice, loud as thunder,  
Tremendously bellows some technical blunder;  
Stays, bowlings, and rattlings, with many a  
curse,

Which awkwardly jingle when put into verse.  
How much it has tortur'd and puzzled my brain  
To jumble together his forecable strain.

Scarce the cloth is remov'd but the Gentlemen  
go

To discuss a few bottles of Stainforth and Co.  
And from dinner sometimes to the hour of nine  
They get drunk, and roar catches, to pass away  
time;

And often, in order to shew their politeness,  
With vile shocking songs will be certain to fright-  
en us;

Such songs! as to you I can never explain,  
For the lowest of woman would blush at their strain.  
The rude Bacchanalians 'twould greatly amuse,  
My virgin young innocence oft to confuse;  
For whenever to tittle below they thought fit,  
Loud obscenity pass'd round their table for wit.  
At first with fine cotton I stop'd up each ear,  
That I might not their impudent ribaldry hear;  
But I found 'twas in vain, as the words would get  
in

Thro' those parts where the cotton would chance  
to be thin;

And as in the cabin which lay next to mine,  
In the passage they drank out twelve chests of red  
wine;

So of that kind of knowledge I've got a great  
store,

Of which I had scarce any notion before.

Another diversion the young men would prize,  
'Twas in seeing us all from our pigeon-holes rise;  
With them 'tis a proof of politeness, they think,  
The Ladies' perfections in bumpers to drink;  
But what man of good-breeding will offer to peep  
At a groupe of fine girls as they lay all asleep!  
Since deeming her charms are from all eyes de-  
bar'd,

The most delicate maid is at times off her guard;  
And they who presume this advantage to take,  
All pretensions to manners must surely forsake.  
In our ship 'twas one scene, on my word I may say,  
Of boring and stopping on both sides all day;  
If we fill'd up one hole 'twas the same as before,  
With their gimblets another they'd presently bore.  
The ship's carpenter swore he was worn off his  
legs,

By constantly running to fill them with pegs;  
And when to repel them we found 'twas in vain,  
We politely entreated they'd ne'er peep again,  
But the Vandals still forc'd us at night to lie down,  
With a petticoat on, and a morning bed-gown.  
If we fail'd to wear these, they were sure to look  
thro',

To see if our shapes they uncover'd could view.  
Such! such are the scenes which arise to torment  
her

Who ploughs foaming billows in search of adven-  
ture!

Then had you, dear mother, e'en been in a ship,  
You ne'er would have sent me on such a vile trip;  
And surely myself I'd the voyage have declin'd,  
If half what I suffer'd I e'er had opin'd!

#### A NECDOTE.

**W**HEN the Duke of Hamilton, upon his  
travels, was admitted to the honor of kiss-  
ing the *Papal Toe*, an English Gentleman seeing  
the ceremony, ran out of the Holy Presence with  
somewhat greater speed than grace; and, upon be-  
ing questioned about his rude behavior, replied, that  
"he thought it high time to depart; for if a Duke  
was only permitted to kiss the Pontiff's feet, Hea-  
ven only knew what he must kiss."



**L**IEUT. Gov. Carleton, of Nova Scotia, has issued his proclamation for allowing the importation of scantling, planks, staves, heading, boards, shingles, hoops or squared timber of any sort; horses, neat cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, or live stock of any sort; wheat, rye, rice, or indian corn, and the flour of wheat or rye, for the space of six months from the 31st day of June last.

*Extract of a letter from Albany, dated July 17.*

"There can be no doubt from a concurrence of circumstances, but that the British at the posts, as well as the Indian tribes, influenced and directed by them, have been active in recommending peace to those nations adjoining the frontier of the United States more southerly. Nothing seems now to be wanting to make a firm system of pacification with the savages, but a fixed line of honest demeanor towards the hostile Indians, treating them as we ourselves in their circumstances and situation would wish to be treated. As it is more than probable a treaty will be formed ere long, the preservation of it must depend upon the vigor of government in seeing the terms carried into execution, and the infringers thereof punished."

*An extraordinary instance of ill fortune lately occurred at Barbadoes.*

Accounts had been received at Bridge-Town, of the total loss of the ship Martha, Moll, a constant trader.—Bridge-town was in sackcloth, as many of the merchants had considerable property on board.

At this time a son of Captain Moll was there, as Master of a brig from America. He had not seen his father for four years, and his mother for seven. She was coming with her husband to Barbadoes, for the purpose of receiving that pleasure. When the supposed fate of his father and mother reached his ears, the poor young was in the greatest agonies, and would not be comforted; but the next morning by eight o'clock, he had the satisfaction to see his father's ship off the point. He and several more immediately went off to meet the ship, when they came along side, all crowding to get up, the boat overfet—his brother, who is mate, threw him a rope, but by some means he quitted his hold, fell over, and was seen no more. He perished in sight of his father, mother, sister and brother, who were all assembled on the deck to receive his embraces!

*Halifax, (Nova Scotia) June 30.*—By a gentleman lately arrived from Shelburne, we learn, that by means of the late fires which raged to a great degree in the woods and country adjacent, there hath been 50 farm houses consumed, on Jordan River, and in the neighborhood of Shelburne, together with the fences and crops of grain, &c.

*Salem, July 24*—On Saturday last, Capt. Jonathan Lambert arrived here from the Cape of Good Hope. The British frigate *Aolus*, which sailed from Calcutta about the 20th of February with dispatches for England, touched at the Cape about the 20th of April. The accounts by this frigate were, that Lord Cornwallis's army had taken several of the out-posts of Seringapatam, Tippoo Saib's capital; and that the army was in high spirits, and that there was not the least doubt but that Seringapatam would soon fall; but that it had not been taken when the frigate sailed. Tippoo, under this apprehension, had withdrawn himself, with many of his principal people, and much treasure, from the place to one of his hill forts.

London accounts, of the 15th of May, state, that the *Vestal* frigate, just then arrived from the East-Indies, had brought news of the capture of Seringapatam; but this must have been prema-

ture, as the *Aolus* must have later accounts, and would probably arrive in England about the middle or last of June.

A late Boston paper makes heavy complaints of the great number of quack doctors who are swarming up and down that state, "seeking whom they may devour." The writer states their whole qualifications to be, "a phial of brandy, a small bundle of roots and herbs, six or eight months study, a number of old Latin phrases, and a few technical terms." He advises them to wear a sword at their sides to shew they have a commission to kill—perhaps the remaining part of his advice will not be so well relished by these sprouts of Esculapius—that they "ought to be confined in a close room, and fed on jalap, cat-mint tea, and water-gruel; and if found guilty of taking fees, to be sentenced to perpetual slavery in Cattle-William."

*Worcester, July 5.*—On Monday, the 4th of June, the dwelling house of Mr. Asa Fay, Northborough, took fire, in the afternoon, and was soon reduced to ashes, with a large quantity of grain, &c. several articles of cloathing, and some of the household furniture. On the next day the people cut, drew and hewed great part of the timber for another building; and, by their exertions, a cellar about 30 feet square was dug and stoned, and a frame for a handsome and convenient house was raised on Thursday, the 14th of the same month. Afterwards they collected and hoed his corn, &c. about five acres.

*Springfield, July 25.*—On Thursday last, about one o'clock, P. M. the Powder-Mill in this town was blown up, by which unfortunate accident, Mr. Nathan Kennedy, the only workman then in the mill, was so shockingly burnt and bruised, as to sur vive the misfortune but two hours. He was 29 years of age, and has left a wife and three children, at Pittsfield, to mourn his untimely fate. This is the second instance of the kind that has happened in this place in the course of 13 years: Two active young men were killed on the same spot, when the first explosion took place.

*Boston, July 23.*—Saturday last arrived brig Paragon, Hallet, master, in 59 days from Cadiz.—In lat. 38, long. 64, spoke the ship Friendship, Smith, from Havre-de-Grace, bound to Baltimore.

Schooner Sally, Cob, in 40 days from Cadiz.—In lat. 36, 30, spoke ship Commerce, from this port.

By the above arrivals we learn, that great preparations for War were making in Spain—a general War in Europe being strongly expected. That the Spaniards would act against the French.

*Halifax, (N. C.) July 19.*—By a gentleman from Edenton we are informed, that a brig arrived at that port last week, from Hispaniola, in which several French gentlemen came passengers. The disturbances in that wretched and ill-fated Island still rage with unabated violence, and there appears but poor prospects that they will soon be settled. This vessel also brings accounts that the British have fitted out privateers under commissions from the King of Hungary, which have taken many French merchantmen in the West-Indies.

*PITTSBURGH, July 21.*

*Extract of a letter from Captain Paul, of the state Levies, dated Middle Block-house, (on the frontiers of Washington county) July 16, to Major McCully.*

"The Indians on Tuesday last killed two men and one woman, and stole seven horses between the flats of Grave creek and Col. Shepherd's in Ohio county, Virginia.—Lieut. Gray and 14 of my men followed them over the Ohio, as far as the head of Sunfish, but the Indians being on horseback they returned without coming up with them. On Saturday last at Dilly's station oppo-

site the mouth of Grave creek, the Indians came into one of the houses and killed four and wounded one; the number of Indians was supposed to be twenty. It is thought they will strike this quarter. To-morrow morning I expect to start with a party to try to fall in with them."

*For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.*

#### ENIGMA.

**W**HAT ladies much admire, transpose,  
And what we do to live it shews;  
Again invert the same, and you  
The name of an old goddess view.

*August 1.*

*ETRICUS.*

*(A solution is requested.)*

#### MARRIED

On Tuesday evening the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. JOHN BRUEN, to Miss SALLY MORRIS—both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Mann, Mr. ROBERT TOLFREY, to Miss CHARLOTTE PORTER, both of this city.

#### ARRIVALS since our last

Packet Halifax, Boulderson, Falmouth & Halifax	Charleston
Ship Augusta, Sheffield,	Jamaica
Three Sisters, Wilson,	Norfolk
Brig Ceres, White,	New-Providence
Eliza, ———,	Turks-Island
Mary Ann, Green,	Jamaica
Jean, Buchanan,	St. Martins
Hero, Barnard,	Teneriffe
Rachel, Duff,	St. Domingo
Betsy, ———,	St. Martins
Singer, Glad,	St. Martins
Croger, Glad,	Demarara
Dolphin, Cutts,	St. Johns, N.B.
Schooner Betsy, Roden,	Shelburne
Sally, Patterson,	St. Thomas
Sidney, Todd,	Madeira
Two Sisters, Hand,	Digby
Sloop Three Friends, Burnham,	St. Johns, W. I.
Delight, Bradhurst,	St. Eustatia
Willow, Hull,	N. Providence
Providence, Bowles,	

#### To CORRESPONDENTS.

\* \* \* If the author of the Note addressed to Mr. P. D. W. will favour the Printer with an interview, it is probable it will be inserted.—"The Complaint," by a Country Youth, and several other favours from Correspondents, will be attended to in our next.

#### TAKE NOTICE!

**A** STATED MEETING of TAMMANY SOCIETY or COLUMBIAN ORDER, will be held in the wigwag, on Monday evening next, the 6th inst. of which the Members will please to take notice and attend.

*By order of the Grand Sachem,*

*August 4.*

**BENJ. STRONG, Sec'y.**

\*\*\*\*\*

#### ATTENTION!

**L** EFT at some house in this city, about three or four weeks since, a large UMBRELLA, covered with changeable silk, being very remarkable in several respects.—If the person in whose possession it is, will leave it with the Printer hereof, or at the Subscriber's, they will be gratefully rewarded.

**G. BAKER.**

*New-York, August 1, 1792.*

#### WANTED.

**A** N Apprentice to the SHIP CARVERS BUSINESS, a lad from 13 to 15, and of reputable connexions.—Enquire of the Printer.  
*New-York, August 4, 1792.*



## The COURT of APOLLO.

### The COQUETTE.

**H**AVE I then committed treason?  
Why does *Celia* pout and fret?—  
Damon sure you know the reason!  
Every beauty's a Coquette.  
Why does *Chloe* scorn her lover,  
When my lord will flirting sit?  
Sure 'tis easy to discover,  
Pretty *Chloe*'s a Coquette.  
*Sylvia* lips and thinks it pretty,  
Ask her why, she's in a pet;  
I grant you faith it is a pity—  
Yet *Sylvia* too is a Coquette.  
*Ancient Sylla* borrows graces,  
(Every charm long out of date)  
Yet with youthful air the paces,  
And is still an old Coquette.  
*Lucia* long in anguish sighing,  
With the archer blind beset.  
Wipes her eyes, forgets her crying,  
Passing now a grand Coquette,  
Never wonder gentle *Damon*,  
Pretty *Celia*'s airs forget,  
'Tis in truth your only way, man;—  
All excuse a fair Coquette.

### On visiting the GRAVE of STERNE.

**W**ITH sacred awe, with kind concern,  
We view the spot where *Forick* lies:  
Here friendship still shall visit *Sterne*,  
And tears shall fill affliction's eyes.  
Silent upon thy grave we stand,  
And muse upon the dust beneath;  
The fairest flower from Nature's hand,  
Now withering in the shade of death.  
When evening dews thy turf so green,  
Humanity with gentle tread,  
And bright-eyed *Gentius*, oft are seen  
Weeping aside thy earthly bed.

### TO THE CURIOUS.

**W**ILL be exhibited for an evening's entertainment, at the corner of Beekman and Gold-Street, that most pleasing and extraordinary phenomenon of art,

**THE WAX SPEAKING FIGURE,**  
which is suspended by a ribbon in the centre of a beautiful Temple, elegantly decorated, and is calculated to please and surprise, by returning pertinent and agreeable answers to any questions proposed to it, whether spoken in a low whisper or in an audible voice. It will also ask questions which are always consistent with decency and propriety. The beholder may truly exclaim with the emphatic Poet of nature, as though he had this very figure in his mind's eye.

"It, tho' inanimate, can hold discourse,  
"And with the powers of reason seems inspir'd."  
In the same room is to be seen, other wax figures, a brilliant diamond Beetle, a small Paradox, and Alarm against House-Breaking and Fire.—Admittance to Ladies and Gentlemen at 2/ each, and Children 1/ each, from 7 until 10 o'clock every evening (Sundays excepted.) 181f

**W**ANTED in a small family, a WOMAN with a good breast of Milk. None need apply unless they can be well recommended. Enquire of the Printer.

## THE MORALIST.

**I**F we would seriously consider the numerous vices attendant on idleness, every man would foster himself, and his progeny, as with a shield, in employment. Defamation, lying, gaming, swenching, and drinking, are only a few of the most obvious vices that are contained in this black list; but would any man, who had the smallest regard for his reputation, wish to be accused, justly accused, with any of these vices? If he would not, is it not his duty to prevent, so far as in him lies, by giving constant and active employment to his children, their being so accused? Nay, is it not doubly his duty? For, by entailing happiness on his children, he is enriching his country, by introducing manufactures, the true wealth of a State, realizing that independence which we as yet only possess, as long as we continue so shamefully indebted to foreign nations for manufactures, the raw materials of which we have in, could raise up to the highest perfection, and work them up on more advantageous terms than we import them.

That levity of disposition, for which we have been remarked by foreigners, would surely stand corrected under the consideration that every shilling expended in foreign consumption is weakening the finances of our Government, and undermining that very independence which we shed our best blood to establish; it is robbing our children of their rightful inheritance, and it ought to be discountenanced by every man, who would wish to be thought to retain the smallest regard for his country.

No lady or gentleman ought to be admitted into public company, without they would appear dressed in the fabrication of our looms; and a foreign covering should be considered as a mark of reproach, and the wearer of it an enemy to the liberties of America.

### MAIL DILIGENCE STAGE OFFICE.

At the City-Tavern.

**T**HE Public will please to take notice that the Proprietors of the Mail Diligence, have altered the hour of starting, from three o'clock in the afternoon, to twenty minutes after eight o'clock in the morning; This stage admits but seven seats, and leaves Powles Hook on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings, and at 4 o'clock, on every Friday afternoon: All application for seats in this stage must be made to JAMES CARR, at the office.

Mr. Carr will engage for the conveyance of expresses, extra stages, &c.

Fare of a passenger, 4 dols.  
150 wt of baggage, 4 dols.  
Feb. 18. J. M. CUMMINGS, & Co. if

### S. L O Y D,

STAY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER

**B**ECS leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that she carries on the above business in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Dock street.—She returns her most grateful acknowledgments to her friends and the public for past favours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favour her with their commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.

Order from town or country punctually obeyed.  
January 2, 1792. 93 1y.

**A**N APPRENTICE to the Shoemaking Business, wanted by William H. Burdell, No. 8, Smith Street. June 16.

## A New Invention,

To fix Artificial Teeth with springs, in such a manner that they may be put in and taken out by the person wearing them with ease, and in a moment. They save the trouble of tying and cannot be perceived, as to their appearance or fastening from natural teeth. Made by

J. GREENWOOD

APPROVED SURGEON DENTIST,

No. 5, Vesey street, opposite the north-east side of St. Paul's Church, who

**I**NFORMS his fellow citizens and the public in general, that he has ever had the approbation of those who have employed him, being the first families in the United States, as well as foreigners, he transplants teeth, cleans and draws teeth, cures the scurvy in the gums, makes and fixes artificial teeth in many different ways, some of which are entirely peculiar to himself, and done in so neat a manner, that he will defy any indifferent person to tell them from the natural ones—they are a great help in speaking and eating, and a great ornament; and if they cannot be fixed to answer the above purposes, Mr. Greenwood will with candour, tell you.

As many people are discouraged, and likewise prevents others from having any thing done to preserve their teeth, or have artificial ones fixed in, owing to the unskillfulness of those they employed; and as there is many not well acquainted with the profession of a dentist, care should be taken to prevent bad consequences, by a little enquiry, as this profession is like many others curious in itself, and not to be acquired in a short time.

Mr. Greenwood informs those who wish to be further satisfied as to his abilities that he has regularly acquired the art and skill of a dentist from his father, who is well known to be eminent in the line of that profession now and for thirty years past; and that in the course of eight years successful practice in this city, he has seen many performances in his line, that were done in different parts of the globe, and none but what he could excel. His performances will convince the truth of the above assertions.

N. B. The extensiveness of his practice enables him to set his prices low, that every one may be benefited. Dentifrice for cleaning the teeth, 2/6 per box, and 24/ per dozen. 13.

### JAMES YOULE,

CUTLER and GUN-SMITH.

**B**ECS leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the Cutlery business in all its various branches, manufactures Surgeons instruments, Razors, Knives, Scissors, Bandages or Trusses, for ruptures.—All kinds of Cutlery and Gun work cleaned, ground, and repaired on reasonable terms, with fidelity and dispatch.

N. B. Swords for the army made on the cheapest and best terms by said Youle.

New-York, July 21, 1792

61.

**T**AKEN UP by the subscriber, living in Ryer, a Negro Boy, who calls his name BOB, and says that he is a free born Negro, and ran away from his mother residing in Philadelphia, on or about the first of this instant. He is pretty stout built, and active: to appearance about 14 or 15 years of age.—Any person proving their property to said Negro, may have him by applying to the Subscriber. WRIGHT FROST.

Ryer, July 14, 1792.

31.

### PRINTING.

In General, executed at this Office with neatness, accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable as any in this City.